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THE KING'S CROWNING

**Being articles by Miss Marjory MacMurchy on London
at the time of the Coronation and on the Coronation
itself, which appeared in Canadian newspapers.**

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THE KING'S CROWNING.

[We have pleasure in presenting herewith contributions from the pen of Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Special Correspondent for The Publishers Press, Montreal, who attended the Coronation of King George V. These will be found entertaining and instructive to our large band of Institute members.]

To make a picture of how London decked herself for the Coronation, lived through these days of joyful acclaim and pageantry, which suddenly from being a pageant became an event framed as such an event should be framed, and then to tell how the city is day by day transforming itself from a great city in high festival to a great city in its mood of common daily work and daily pleasure, is a fascinating task for a writer. There was nothing lacking, as far as one could see, to make Coronation Day fortunately memorable and happy. There were scarcely any minor accidents not more than are inevitable in the life of any city the size of London on any day. There was no failure in any part of the arrangements. King and people, and the King's Court, and the nations who do not live in England but who are at home in England, all bore their parts well in the event of the day. Nothing remains but to remember and understand and gather together one's recollections of this time, so that the bloom and freshness and beauty of these scenes and their meaning may last as long as one's memory of them.

LONG VISTAS OF COLOR.

For weeks the dignity of London had been obscured by wooden stands and scaffolds. It was irritating and belittling. Then all at once the crude look of the wood had vanished under crimson cloth. The great houses were regal with hangings, flowers, banners and emblems. A minute description of the decorations would defeat its own purpose. What ought to be imagined is long joyous vistas of color, swinging globes of fire, blue and purple and white hangings, color by day and light by night. The streets had become triumphal ways. Joy by day and a poetical magic by night did not precisely come by storm, but they came in sudden waves and in illusive appearances. Then the excitement and the expectation of the crowds made the week a long holiday. On the Sunday before Coronation the Strand was like a fair.

The night before Coronation it was as if some entry were about to be made into the city, for which everyone waited as we wait for what is good. It made one well content to have walked along Piccadilly on the afternoon of the 21st of June and again after nightfall. It is said that an old lady took up her place in the Mall between four and five o'clock on Wednesday, and that she had with her a kettle and a spirit lamp. Thousands of people felt as the old lady did, if they did not follow her example.

It is to be supposed that some people slept that night, but very many did not sleep. Along between two and three the slackened traffic quickened again. Busses

began to rattle along. A salute was fired from Hyde Park and the Tower at 3.40; and the day had opened.—*Toronto News*.

London, June 23.—A long climb up a narrow winding stone staircase on worn stone steps to what seemed the very height of Westminster Abbey led to the south triforium. It was the freshness of early morning, and a cloistered garden down below in the Deanery, so green, so still, so empty, lay like a pool of quiet in the ancient place. From the south triforium one looked down on a scene inside the Abbey so great that it took the imagination of those who looked on it by storm; a scene as perfect as a perfect song, or a matchless jewel, or as the vow of a paladin knight. There was no detail which did not hold its place strongly in this scene of beauty and high meaning, and which did not refresh the spectator through these long hours that swept by, joining into one all the past and present history which one has known. The time did not seem short. One recognized that it was from seven to eight hours long. But the interest of the scene itself, and of what the scene expressed, was so great that the spectator was conscious neither of fatigue nor of satiety. To the last moment one gazed with the rapt attention of the first, with constantly renewed wonder, and absorbed delight. King George's crowning expressed, as near, as can be expressed—far beyond the point of expression one has dreamed of—the meaning of London, of Great Britain and Ireland, of all the noble dominions, and of each remote possession of the Crown. The friendliness of other nations made the event in the Abbey incomparably richer and finer. But when all is said and written of the Coronation ceremony the point where it becomes immortal is when man, having surrounded the king with all the majesty and magnificence which can be offered, acknowledges that there is something greater still. That which happened in the Abbey can never even for a moment be called, nor be thought, a vain pomp and show. At the moment when such a danger might possibly arise, the crowning passes into a region far removed from changing vanity, and becomes a lofty, yet simple and sincere, declaration that the Invisible alone is eternally great.

IN THE ABBEY.

The south triforium is so high above the rest of the Abbey that at first it seemed as if the view would not be good. But this idea proved to be mistaken. From the great height one could see the scene unfold in its splendor. The arrival of the peers and peeresses, of the members of the House of Commons and their wives, of judges, foreign representatives, other notabilities, Cabinet Ministers, Premiers, foreign royalties, the Princes and Princesses of England, the bringing in of the regalia, the three processions arriving and the processions departing, and finally the great moments of the Coronation, were all visible, somewhat reduced in scale, but comprehensive, clear and distinct. There was little room for everyone who was in the triforium, and if it had not been for the courtesy and kindness of those who were present such a good view could not have been obtained. One owes this benefit, as well as so much else, to individuals met with in passing.

The beautiful grey Abbey lay outstretched like a cross. It could never have been more beautiful. Light shone from on high, diffusing a soft radiance which made the lack of sunlight hardly noticed. Yet once and again during these hours pale rays fell across the nave and through the transepts, glorifying the figures on which they fell. Carpet of a soft shade of dark blue was on the floor of the nave. The valances which draped the tiers and galleries were marvels of good taste and

judgment. These velvet hangings were of an old Venetian pattern, dark blue, figured on a ground of silver grey, and they harmonized perfectly with the old stones against which they were hung. The massive organ screen divided the nave from the transepts. Here the organ, organist and orchestra made such music as blended with every point of the service, and lifted high moments higher still. To the west of the screen were seated in ranks of joyous color thousands of distinguished guests. A Canadian journalist could readily distinguish here such Canadian guests as the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Gibson; the Canadian members of Parliament, conspicuous among whom was the Hon. Mr. Foster; Lady Mann, Sir Edmund Walker, the Hon. Adam Beck, Mr. Sanford Evans, Mayor of Winnipeg; and Mr. W. L. Griffith, of the Canadian Office, and Mrs. Griffith. A number of other Canadians were present in the Abbey, although many of them did not happen to be visible from the south triforium. The sight of a venerable peer going up the steps which led to that part of the Abbey called the theatre reminded one of Lord Strathcona. When he turned one could see plainly that it was Lord Strathcona, venerable and loyal, and supporting his heavy, magnificent robes with steadiness and dignity. The Peeresses were in the north transept, the Peers in the south, and above them were massed the members of the House of Commons and their ladies. In one of the little recesses behind a tomb with recumbent effigy an artist sat painting the incomparable scene. The bishops made a resplendent group on the north side of the sacristum. The judges were in a bay of a transverse section of the north transept. The Royal box occupied by the princesses was on the south side, immediately behind the Chairs of State where the King and Queen sat for the first part of the service. The choir in their white robes were in the gallery immediately beside the organ. High as all this color blazed, it was subdued and made beautiful and fitting by the shadows, the sweet loveliness and dignity of the great Abbey.

AWAITING THE CEREMONY.

In the centre or theatre were the Chairs of Homage, five steps leading to the King's and three to the Queen's. To the south side were the Chairs of State already mentioned. Before the Chairs of Homage was King Edward's chair, with the Coronation Stone. Fine Persian carpets covered this part of the Abbey floor. But these facts were noticed only incidentally. It was the impressive significance and glory of the Altar which drew the eye irresistibly. Thus the Abbey lay, and thus it was prepared for the ceremony.

It is said that guests had begun to arrive as early as 6 o'clock. By 6.30 o'clock a considerable number of figures were moving about on the floor of the nave. One could distinguish readily the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, who has recently taken his office with assiduous seriousness. He moved up and down the Abbey untiringly through all the hours of arrival. His attention was turned everywhere, and even at the last moment, walking in his place in the King's procession, he turned again and again to look behind. It is clear that the Coronation has exacted from him most anxious labor.

THE FIRST PEERESSES.

The first Peeress arrived about half past 6. She paced up the long aisle in her crimson train and she was followed before long by such a company of her fellow peeresses as can hardly be described. Crimson, white and gold was the

general combination worn by these magnificent ladies. The longest trains were worn by the Duchesses. In crimson and ermine, with gleaming shoulders, wonderful diamond circles on their heads, and jewels sparkling on their bosoms, these ladies moved to their places, each carrying her coronet which she would not wear until the Queen was crowned. One would think, such was their grace, that they had often worn such robes before. But these robes are worn only at a Coronation. To what could the Peeresses be compared but the Queen Flowers of some garden! But splendid as they were, they were not the most splendid sight at the Coronation. Nor were the Peers the most splendid sight, although to see a Peer of England come in full sail up the nave of Westminster Abbey, his full crimson robes billowing about him, is an impressive spectacle. They were seated opposite the Peeresses, and they also carried their coronets, to be worn only when the King was crowned.

In the triforium, up aloft beside the press, were 150 boys of Westminster School. At last we were to hear these Vivats shouted with all a boy's might which we had been taught was the immemorial custom of a Coronation. Some of these boys, the King's scholars, entered the Abbey in the procession bearing the regalia to the west door, where it was to await the arrival of the King. At the west door of the Abbey what is called an annex had been built. It was the same as that used at King Edward's Coronation. The annex is in extraordinary harmony with the rest of the venerable building and affords ample space for the arrival and robing.

THE PROCESSIONS ARRIVE.

The first and second processions had arrived with trumpets and music. In the stalls down below one could see wonderful figures of noted men and representatives of great governments. Here are the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. One can see it is true as said that the Crown Princess is very lovely. Here are Prince and Princess Fushimi, with the redoubtable Admiral Togo; the Hon. John Hays Hammond, representing the United States, who had been sentenced to death under Kruger, and now General Botha is not far away from him, while both are at the Crowning of King George of England! One must notice the representatives of Turkey, and of Egypt, and the wonderful Indian Princes, aides-de-camp to the King, with jewels and fabrics too lovely to be described. Here are John Burns and McKenna, Churchill and Wyndham and Balfour. One is not fortunate enough to catch sight of the Premiers. They must be in the stalls on the south side below the south triforium. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is present in the blue robes of a Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and so also are General Botha, Mr. Fisher, Sir Joseph Ward and Sir Edward Morris.

As the Prince of Wales comes in he brings to the Abbey the day's first thrill of feeling. He was made a Knight of the Garter a week or two ago and wears his robes and the hat with ostrich and heron plumes. He passes to his seat on the south side of the dais while every heart wishes him well. He is so much a boy, and carries himself so steadily. When Princess Mary passed, the Prince of Wales rose and bowed to his sister, who had a long train and a lady-in-waiting. It is said to be her first experience of both. She made a charming sight, and to her also everyone who saw her sent goodwill. Prince Albert, Princes Henry and George, the two latter wearing the Highland dress, followed the Princess Mary. Each saluted his brother, the Prince of Wales, who in turn bowed to them. Only

little Prince John was not there. The coming in of the Royal Princesses, with their long trains, was very lovely. The Duke of Connaught, who wore a Field Marshal's uniform, took his place at the right hand of the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur of Connaught, who wore Garter robes, at his left.

THE KING'S COMING.

Then again sounded the trumpets. It was the chief, the King's Procession. As it moved on in all its state, the eye of a Canadian onlooker was caught and held irresistibly by the Standards. How proud they were, how great their meaning, and how great their pledge, on the King's part to us and on our part to him. The standard of South Africa was borne by Lord Selborne; of New Zealand, by Lord Plunket; of Australia, by Lord Northcote; of Canada, by Lord Aberdeen. The Standards of Wales, Ireland, Scotland and England followed. Then came the Standard of Union, borne by the Duke of Wellington, and the Royal Standard, by Lord Lansdowne. How could one see swiftly enough and clearly enough! This is Asquith, the first time the Prime Minister of the Imperial Parliament has had a place assigned him in the procession of the King. Here is the Queen's regalia.

Will one forget, I wonder, how the Queen and her ladies looked as they came up the nave. Her head was uncovered. She moved with dignity, pale and grave, a striking, memorable figure. A collar of sparkling jewels was about her neck. Her dress is white, with rich gold embroidery. Her long train was outspread in the bar of six ladies, who paced along, moving with wonderful grace, all in gleaming white. It was the famous train, about which so much has been written, and all the embroidery, with its Imperial significance, was plain to see. The Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire, followed. Then the boys far up above began to shout, "Vivat, Rex a Maria, Vivat, Vivat, Vivat." To hear the shout rise, and clamour against the roof and die away prolonged in boyish voices which were reluctant to cease, said that into Westminster a Queen of England had indeed come again.

Then came splendid figure after splendid figure with the King's regalia. And at last the King, "Vivat, Vivat, Rex Georgius, Vivat, Vivat, Vivat," chanted the boys, and the thunder of the cry died away against the roof. It was a ceremonial figure, as it seemed at first, too greatly burdened with the pomp of kingship. One longed to see the face of the man who wore these wonderful robes, but it was hidden beneath the Cap of Maintenance. How great his burden, one kept saying silently. But presently the observer had to note how the King stepped on, with all these great figures about him, in the highest place of all, and held that highest place as steadily as any king could. The King of England had come into Westminster Abbey. And it was as if not he alone, but all of us, the people of these kingdoms, were represented there in some fashion, for if it is a responsibility to be a King, it is a responsibility also to be of the people who crown him.

THE SERVICE COMMENCES.

When the King and Queen had said their private devotions, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented the King to the people. Contrary to the usual custom, instead of standing by his Chair of State, King George advanced and stood almost in front of King Edward's Chair, so that as many as possible of the great gathering,

more than seven thousand, should see him. This, it is said, was by the Royal wish. He also took off the Cap of Maintenance, so that he might be better seen. Then when the Archbishop had presented him there came the great shout of "God save King George."

After all the regalia had been received by the Archbishop of Canterbury and laid on the Altar, which shone gloriously, the men who carried the four swords only were left standing by the King. These were Lord Beauchamp, Lord Roberts, Lord Beaufort and Lord Kitchener. It was possible now while the service was going on to look long and closely at the King and Queen. Queen Mary followed the service with the closest and most grave attention. She often traced with her finger the lines as they were read. She remained still, but her attitude was neither stiff nor immovable. It was an attitude of deep interest and close attention. The King appeared to be somewhat nervous and restless. He read the service closely, but occasionally looked quickly about him, and once or twice raised his hand to his face. Yet most of the time his hands were laid together on the book of the service and one could see that they were sunburned hands. His neck also was marked with sunburn. Throughout the ceremony in contrast with his majestic robes his neck and head looked delicate and far from massive.

THE GREAT MOMENTS.

The great moments of the Coronation followed. Of all these great moments that which seemed to one spectator to possess the most personal note and to join in most intimate relation the King and his people was when after the sermon the Archbishop of Canterbury asked three pledges from the King for every one of his subjects and the King took the Oath holding the Bible in his hands. As he was directed he laid his hands upon the book and kissed the book. Then they brought a silver ink-stand and he dipped the pen and wrote carefully, dipping again before he had finished. His hand as it lay outstretched upon the Bible lay there as the hand of anyone who swears and means to keep his oath. And all the while the wonder-beauty of Westminster Abbey subdued and hallowed the blaze of color, with its grey shadows, springing pillars and soaring arches leading aloft to the clear light of day.

Other great moments there were when the King was anointed; when he was disrobed and stood there a figure so solitary and isolated as to seem unaccompanied and alone in the vast throne; when he was robed again and one by one the symbols of his office were placed upon him and in his hands. In its own place there was laid over the King's shoulders the Armill, a long gleaming strip of cloth of gold which is embroidered, with the emblems of the Dominions over the seas. It reached to the King's knees.

THE CROWNING.

But surely the greatest moment of all was when the King was crowned. Yet how swiftly it was done. A moment the great crown, brilliant as the dawn, seemed poised motionless over the King's head held in the hands of the Archbishop. The next it was placed on his head. It seemed too brief an action for such a heavy splendor to descend. But the moment was ended, and again came the shout, "God save King George." Guns were fired outside the Abbey. The people knew that the King had been crowned. It took but a moment to place the Bible

in the King's hands. But who that heard them could forget these words: "We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; This is the Royal Law; These are the lively Oracles of God." For a moment what then was any splendor which could be seen in Westminster Abbey? They had said that this book was greater than anything else which they had given him. Immediately it was as if the great Abbey disappeared, and what one saw was perhaps a shepherd on a lonely hillside, or a child poring over his Sunday lesson on some Canadian farm, or some other nameless owner of this same book. If any on-looker had felt at the beginning that the Coronation was purely an outward and a proud display, he must have known by this time that whatever was done in Westminster Abbey that day testified plainly that those who are of high estate are greater as men and subjects of God than they are as kings or subjects of kings.

THE HOMAGE.

I was not placed so that I could see the Homage. But those who saw it say that when the Prince of Wales followed the Archbishop of Canterbury the King laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, drew his son to him affectionately and kissed him on the cheek. The Homage was followed by the lovely crowning of the Queen, which was much shorter and simpler than the crowning of the King. The Communion followed, and then after a short waiting the King's procession was reformed, and first the Queen and then the King passed down the Abbey and out to the people, guarded and attended by the great men of their kingdoms. As the King passed through the nave every eye of the great congregation was turned in the direction from which he would come and bay by bay as he came into sight broke into hearty cheers. The memory of that sight, of its beauty and majesty, stays like a dream which will not fade. The effect of the long hours, with extraordinary pomp and color, with the exquisite music, and in the presence of that most diverse, splendid audience, was deeply religious. There were moments of delicate loveliness and other moments of gorgeous splendor. But instead of separating class from class the Coronation seemed to bind people of all classes together and make them feel a common cause. For the greatest possessions in that place were not those of a few, but the possession of the many; and the greatest moments were when King George stood a man before his people, their partner in a common pledge. It is true, after all, that a Coronation is a great event.

They went out of the Abbey as they had come in, after guns had been fired again, and God save the King had been sung, the chimes had rung with the bells striking all together, and the great congregation shouted for the King as he passed by. The prettiest, most delightful part of the Coronation was the part borne so well, with manly gravity and boyish simplicity by the Prince of Wales, by his sister the Princess Mary and the two younger Princes, the youngest of all having been kept at home. To see the other children hasten to the Prince of Wales to discuss what had taken place, no doubt with great satisfaction, to see the Prince of Wales turning about to keep his robes out of his small brother's way, and especially to keep his small brother out of the way of his robes, was very heartsome. All through London these Royal children—although the Prince of Wales is now a Knight of the Garter and sixteen—arouse a feeling of great content and affection. To see their natural delight in the Coronation expressed so buoyantly was very

sweet; it was one precious touch of childlike, human nature, which is the same on pavement and on throne.

So the King and Queen went out to the streets, and to the people of the Empire. The perfect military and police arrangements of the capital of the Empire, had served to help the crowd to govern themselves, for the crowd apparently always is capable of governing itself in London. For a few hours the city looked dishevelled where the multitude had waited. Then night came and restored a magic beauty. The people walked abroad and owned the streets, and the streets were lighted for them. But, the Coronation being over, a conviction is slowly growing that what we have all been wishing for has come about. The Empire is one people. We crowned the King with one accord. It was a common bond between the King and the people, and amongst all the people for the King.—*Toronto News.*

THE STRENGTH ON SEA OF BRITISH EMPIRE.

London, June 30.—A Canadian's last impressions of this month of June in London begin naturally with the event which was most purely Canadian, although it must be understood that the Coronation overshadows all other events which can be described only as lesser stars in the Summer's sky that do not shine until after the sun has set. The Coronation has been the sun in the sky of June. But a lesser light of special interest to Canadians may do to symbolize the unveiling of a tablet in the Westminster Palace Hotel in Victoria Street, not far from the Canadian Office, which now marks the room where the articles of Confederation were drawn up. The room is a hall of considerable size, and in it were met that day a number of Canadians of importance. One felt that the men who were there counted for a good deal in the life of Canada. It was the kind of gathering of which a Canadian could say with genuine good will, "These men whom you see are really representative Canadians."

It was memorable and delightful to hear such men as Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper speak, one following the other. Such a conjunction cannot be expected to happen often after this. It was Sir Charles Tupper's day. The gallant old man with his unabated willingness to take on any adversary spoke vigorously and well. He is the last survivor of the fifteen of Confederation. It was a great thing to see him standing there and to hear him speak. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tribute addressed to him of "Well done, good and faithful servant" was hailed as one of the Canadian Premier's happy inspirations.

In years to come it cannot but be that many Canadians will go to read the Canadian tablet in the Confederation Room of the Westminster Palace Hotel.

SEA STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

The Naval Review made visible what the Canadian has read so much about in his life, the sea strength of England. Few of us could understand the meaning of that fleet of nearly 200 ships, comprising the Home and Atlantic fleet—not a single ship had been brought home for the review. But one at least could look at the ships. They lay in long lanes on the sea, which laughed about them. They were grey like rain. They had blunt noses, and their heavy sides crouched on the water. Terrible machines of war they were; but one cannot suppose that a single subject of the Empire thought of them except as creatures of steel and

fire to guard and keep, never as instruments of aggression. From stern to mast-head and from masthead to bow leapt lines of flags, brilliant flecks of color over the grey ships and the dancing water. Then when the King's yacht went by the ships were dressed, and an immovable up-standing line of men went round each ship, dark blue where the bluejackets were and red higher up for the marines. One could see distinctly a single white wave of white hats when they uncovered; and then they cheered. Four dark torpedo boats went by like black hounds, then the yacht of the Elder Brothers of the Trinity, then the King's yacht. King George and Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales were on the bridge, but the King stood by himself. It is said that he had a good day, revisiting what must be home to him. When next he came to London he was extremely red with fresh sunburn. His message to the fleet is also said to have gone right home to the people of the navy. "My high appreciation of the marked precision of the lines" was exactly what they wanted to hear. Nelson's ship, the Victory, lay somewhere in the harbor. One would have liked to see that ship and to see, too, how battleships were built a hundred years ago. There must be a wonderful difference in that time, between a graceful thing which moved with wings and towered in great masts, and these kings of the sea which look almost more like forts than ships. Once a sailing yacht, white and green, went by where we were anchored. It made almost a parade of the pretty way it had of going through the water. There can be no question that a battleship is deadly earnest. There are those who say that as battleships become more terrible, war becomes more impossible. One can understand the meaning of that saying to some extent. It was a wonderful sight, fascinating, perplexing, deeply interesting, with a strange, awe-inspiring beauty of its own like the beauty of a flash of lightning.

CROWN OF BRITAIN'S GREATNESS.

But there was the fleet. Representatives from all the Empire looked at it and considered several things. They said some things to each other quietly about who paid for these ships and what one's own particular share might be. It was a vision of England's greatness—which she pays for in money and in other things as well. The officers of the Admiralty were very gracious, very generous hosts. They were simple, unaffected, quiet and courteous and they provided so abundantly for their guests that one could hardly find suitable words in which to say thank you.

It is not an easy task to describe the firing of a salute. There is a puff of light white smoke, a burst of flame, and a stabbing explosive sound which is stifled almost as soon as it begins. Multiply this two hundred times. The air rocks about you. One tries to imagine what a battle must be. Then the firing is over. Twice this happened, when the King came and when the King went. Then the King's yacht went by again, with her flags, the Admiralty flag, the Royal Standard and the Union flag, and the review was ended. Those who stayed at night saw, it is said, one of the loveliest sights in the world.

CANADIANS IN OLD COUNTRY.

One cannot help being struck with the number of Canadians who have made positions for themselves in the public life of London and England. A visiting Canadian must be more or less surprised to find that if he knows Canadians well he will know a good many well-known people in London. The Coronation has

brought over a vast contingent of Canadians, and their names, too, are repeated constantly. One is very near home in London, no matter in what part of the Empire you may live. The Empire bulks incredibly large in London. It means so much more here than it did ten years ago. Naturally, Canada is only one nation of the Empire; and Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, each has as large a share in the making of the Empire in London. No matter what may be said in praise of this Imperial hospitality, all praise fails before the truth. It has been, perhaps, without a parallel. But one fancies that most visiting Canadians intend to live up to the standard, as far as they can, whenever they get home.

One hears pretty stories of the King and Queen and the Royal children. There seems nothing but what is good to hear. One is told how Prince George was in love with Princess May before his brother cared for her and went to Bermuda to be out of the way; how the Queen is unfailingly sympathetic, and that it is a mistake to suppose that she gives directions as to what must or must not be worn; how when Princess Mary bowed in the procession the other day her crown fell off and her two younger brothers chaffed her unmercifully. How the little Prince John who was left at home in Buckingham Palace when his father and mother were crowned thought he would come out on the balcony and see the people. So out he came and waved a chubby hand. The people shouted for him. Then he waved both hands and danced up and down on the balcony. It was a huge success. The King did very well, indeed, if he got as great an ovation as little Prince John. The Royal children are very good for London's constitution. They are extremely human young people. And King George and Queen Mary are much-beloved.

IMPRESSION OF BEAUTY.

Strange as it may seem, one of the most lasting impressions that a visitor from a new country has of this wonderful old country, with its great problems, its density of population, and its many poor, is an impression of beauty. London can be very beautiful. One can never forget London as it has looked this June. Whatever problems of poverty and unemployment and social readjustment the country has to face, and they are real problems of portentous size, no seeing person can fail to understand that this is a vigorous commonwealth, with great sources of strength which have never been drawn on to their depths. In vigor of national life, Britain is a young country. She is always here, and always ready to receive envoys and deputations, or friendly visitors, as a mother of nations must be. They may come and go, and come again, always welcome. So white the flags are still flying in London, which were there when the King was crowned, many of her overseas guests, perhaps the majority of them, are saying good-bye. The King has been Crowned. Home calls. And as part of the bond of Empire we have lived through new history.